

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 2.
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.
VOL. 28.....NO. 9,752
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Books and Press Room
OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
for the week ending Saturday, April 28, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	96,380
TUESDAY.....	97,480
WEDNESDAY.....	99,800
THURSDAY.....	99,910
FRIDAY.....	100,350
SATURDAY.....	99,660

Average for the entire
Month of April.....100,930

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

VOTE FOR A VETO.

Through the friendly co-operation of the police and the managers of the ball grounds, THE EVENING WORLD has placed ballot-boxes at the Polo Grounds, in this city, and in Washington Park, Brooklyn, to receive petitions to the Governor to veto the Half-Holiday Bazaar bill. Blanks for signatures will be distributed among the crowds at the games.

Let every one who enjoys a game vote for a veto, and thus help to preserve for working men and women one half day in the week, all the year round, in which to seek recreation and pleasure.

The names are coming in to this office by the thousands.

PROTECTING THE TRUSTS.

The Assembly's refusal to take up the Anti-Trust bill tells better than any sham investigations whether the lobby has "got in its work."

A member of the "third House" has declared that no anti-Trust legislation can go through this year. He is probably something more than a prophet; he knows.

MONEY TALKS AT ALBANY.

Money talks at Albany. The working people of this city have been granted one boon by the Legislature. It has passed THE EVENING WORLD's bill providing for free evening lectures and instruction in the public school rooms, under the direction of the Board of Education.

The poor people have no time for entertainment or learning except at night, and no money to pay for it then. Thousands of them who are past school age are hungry for knowledge. Evening lectures and practical scientific and sanitary talks will be of great interest and value.

Even small favors are thankfully received.

THE WOMEN DELEGATES.

The six women who are knocking at the door of the Methodist General Conference for admission as delegates, represent a tendency of the times that men will prove powerless to resist.

Without the piety, the zeal and the active co-operation of women, half the churches, in all denominations, would soon cease to exist. If woman is permitted and encouraged to act as the equal of man in doing the work of the churches, how can she, logically or justly, be denied participation in the direction of that work?

The Methodists are too democratic and progressive a body to maintain much longer that ancient brutality, the subjection of woman.

The Standard Gas Company, a tentacle of the big devil-fish, pretends that it wants to store harmless oil in the tanks which it erected in the Harlem district without permission. Why, then, did it ask to store naphtha? Give it a foothold and it will soon do as it pleases. The tanks should go.

THE EVENING WORLD's list of spring removals, published yesterday, was the talk of the town. It made over ten columns of names, with old and new addresses, and will prove permanently valuable for reference.

Another case for the people was thrown out of court yesterday by Judge Cowing with a rebuke to the District Attorney's office for presenting a case so poorly prepared. This sort of thing is getting monotonous.

Additions to THE EVENING WORLD's list of removals: Cashier De Baun, to Canada; ex-Mayor Grace, from Yurup to within reach of his man Irvine's ear; the New Yorks, to third place in the League.

Now that a Senator of the United States has called the presiding officer of that body "a great liar and a dirty dog," the pot-house politicians and ward-room brewers can hide their diminished heads.

According to the report of the Assembly Judiciary Committee, Lobbyist PETERS is a bold, bad man, and the Assemblymen are angels. H-T-as!

It was "moving day" for the Bostonians yesterday. They moved down one peg.

SPRING RELISHES.

Strimpe, 15 to 20 a gallon.
Carp pike, 40 cents each.
Smelt, 20 cents a pound.
Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart.
Spinach, 25 cents a half peck.
Maple sugar, 30 cents a pound.
Austrian carp, 40 cents a peck.
Sweet potatoes, 70 cents a peck.
Asparagus, 75 to 80 cents a bunch.
Cauliflower, 15 and 20 cents a head.
West Indian mangoes, 60 cents a dozen.
Roe shad sold at wholesale for \$15 per hundred.
New potatoes, 50 to 80 cents a peck, according to quality.

The first North River salmon caught this season was on exhibition at Blackford's this morning. It was caught opposite Weehawken yesterday; \$1.50 a pound.

EARLY DAYS OF NEW YORK MANAGERS.

Harrigan was once a ship-calker.
Tony Pastor—Antonio Pastor—was a circus clown.

Old Mr. Duff, of the Standard Theatre, used to keep a restaurant.

Harry Miner—the H. Clay Miner of to-day—was formerly a druggist.

Augustin Daly used to be a reporter upon a salary of \$15 per week.

Col. R. E. J. Miles, of the Bijou Opera-House, once distinguished himself as a circus-rider.

John Stetson, who has just been succeeded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Eugene Tompkins, was a butcher.

Daniel Frohman, now the astute manager of the Lyceum Theatre, was once upon a time an errand boy in the Tribune office.

A. M. Palmer, who sits in dignified state in the managerial chair of the Madison Square Theatre, was formerly librarian of the Mercantile Library.

WHITE WINGS.

T. C. Stratton's 30-foot catboat Myrtle has arrived at the Columbia Yacht Club house from New London.

The fast catboat Columbia, owned by H. C. Rosemont, of the Columbia Yacht Club, has been put in commission.

The 45-foot cabin sloop White Wing, of New London, has been purchased by Vice-Commodore A. M. Everett, Columbia Yacht Club. She is now in commission of the club-house.

Commodore Chas. T. Willis, Columbia Yacht Club, has had built this winter by Wm. A. Deane, South Brooklyn, the large 30-foot catboat Brunhilde, which was launched last Saturday, and which is now in commission of the club-house.

The catboat cabin sloop Venture, Dr. Henry Griswold, Columbia Yacht Club, has been thoroughly overhauled, her rig cut down, and she has been given an entirely new set of sails, with double head rig. She is now in commission of the club-house, Eighty-fourth street, North River.

PICKED UP AT HEADQUARTERS.

Dr. Cyrus Edson boasts the ownership of one of the fastest schooner-yachts in the harbor.

Sergt. Price has rearranged his beard and now appears with a mustache and imperial, à la Napoleon.

Inspector Conlin is very vigilant. He drops in on the commanders of his district when they least expect him.

Capt. McBrooks is enthusiastic in his praise of Morrisania people. He predicts a great boom in real estate in his precinct.

Inspector Williams and Byrne do not believe in life insurance. They say that they have no use for any game where one must die to win.

Commissioner Fitz John Porter and F. Benedict Herzog, the police signal contractor, are almost inseparable friends. The general is studying the science of electricity.

Capt. Clinchy has grown ten years younger since he joined the army of benevolence. He wonders that he remained single so long. He is certain now that his station-house will be repaired.

Among the frequent visitors to Sergt. Murray for purely social reasons are Sheriff Grant, fire Commissioner Croker, Tax Commissioner Eddie Cahill, Assistant District-Attorney Bedford and Senator Murphy.

Capt. McElwain is on the sick list. He has been relieved from night and drill duty until he regains his strength. "Lightning Charlie" McDonnell and senior Capt. Copeland are nursing rheumatism and lumbago.

Inspector Steen has received a mass of beautiful flowers from the children of the Richmond Hill Congregational Church, who are cultivating a potato patch for the Five Points Mission. The Inspector is a Methodist.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the most elegant drawing-rooms in the West is that in which Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, receives her friends. It is a tufted-yellow, satin-paneled, lace-draped apartment that would almost realize the dream of a Whistler. Nothing but candles are ever burned in the room, and the effect of the soft light falling on the profusion of gilt is most harmonious.

Paper bottles are now in extensive use for containing such substances as ink, bluing, shoe dressing, glue, etc. They are made by rolling glued sheets of paper into long cylinders, which are then cut into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with a waterproof compound, and all this is done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.

Mrs. Betty Torrey, of Solihua, Mass., a sprightly old lady of ninety who still enjoys the best of health, has one claim to fame in that she has often drunk from the original "Old Oaken Bucket" which the poet Wordsworth made famous in song. The bucket was in a well at the Northey homestead in Greenubush, near Solihua, where Mrs. Torrey lived for a number of years.

Col. John Arkina, proprietor of the Denver News, was sticking type only a few years ago. When the Leadville discoveries were made he borrowed a few hundred dollars, bought a printing outfit and started a small newspaper in the new mining town. The venture paid and he soon possessed a modest fortune. Returning to Denver, he bought an interest in the News, on which paper he had formerly set type, and is now its principal owner.

In the vicinity of Benfont, S. C., there are many small islands inhabited exclusively by negroes. In intellectual and cultural development, they are little removed from their brethren of Central Africa. They talk a kind of gibberish not understood by a stranger, go clad in rags that barely cover their nakedness, and live from hand to mouth. Their dwellings are log huts of one room and morality is hardly known among them.

One of the two women in Iowa who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic is Aunt Becky Young, who was noted as a nurse during the war and to whose gentle care in the hospitals many a brave soldier was indebted for his recovery. She is now a feeble old woman, and is identified by the veterans, who have many reminiscences of her daring and suffering in the field. She is a native of Illinois, N. Y., and left her home when a young widow of thirty-two to go to the front as a nurse.

Norman B. Ream, a well-known Chicago speculator, who has accumulated a fortune of from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in grain and provisions, was selling mackerel and brown sugar in a country store at Princeton, Ill., a few years ago. He began accumulating in the Board of Trade in a small way through brokers, and after a little success lost his money for himself. He has a faculty of always keeping on the right side of the market, and is known as "the wizard of the Board."

A PERILOUS DESCENT;

The Elberon Flats Fire.

OR,
The Elberon Flats Fire.
By
John D. Remy
Chief of Second Battalion, F. D. N. Y.
(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)



HE fire at the Elberon Flats demonstrated the utility of the safety net as a life-saving appliance, and the papers have been discussing the advantages which it affords to people imprisoned in a burning building from which there is no escape except by a flying leap through the air.

This recalls to my mind an incident which happened some three years ago which is rather amusing as demonstrating a possibility that would hardly have been believed if the fact had not proven it.

It was at a fire in Barclay street. I was with the Hook and Ladder Truck No. 8 at the time. When the alarm was given we hurried to the spot and found a five-story building wrapped in flames. The fire was raging in the interior of the building. Chief Rowe ordered us to the roof to open it up. We made our way through the adjoining building, and got from the roof of that on to the roof of the burning tenement-house. We had gone up on this building because the roof of it was more on a level with the roof of the other.

The building was so constructed that from the rear there was a light shaft, which set half way into the building and furnished light and air to the whole line of stories. We skirted around it, and, getting over, made a hole with our axes in the roof, so that the smoke might have an outlet. It poured out in thick, black clouds and obscured everything.

Henry Silberstein, of the same business and number, also a very popular and promising attorney, said: "Yes, I saw THE EVENING WORLD's May-Day Directory, and to say I was pleased with it is putting it extremely mildly. The thing I did want to look up the address of a friend of mine who has moved, and it saved me the trouble of hunting up his old place of residence, making inquiry and going to a good deal of trouble generally. It is a good thing, and I think THE EVENING WORLD deserves great credit for it."

Alexander B. Warts, Captain of the Twenty-third Precinct Police Station, said: "I saw THE EVENING WORLD's May-Day Directory, and to say I was pleased with it is putting it extremely mildly. The thing I did want to look up the address of a friend of mine who has moved, and it saved me the trouble of hunting up his old place of residence, making inquiry and going to a good deal of trouble generally. It is a good thing, and I think THE EVENING WORLD deserves great credit for it."

Sergt. Devlin, of the Twenty-first Precinct, said: "It is a good idea and will undoubtedly be a great help to the public."

J. H. Wood, of Mills & Gibbs, Broadway and Grand street, said: "That's a great idea of THE EVENING WORLD."

"I bought an EVENING WORLD last evening and was surprised at the number of names printed. It was a good book," said Thomas Bennett, of J. & J. Holman.

George Shook, of the Grand Hotel, said: "THE EVENING WORLD is on to everything going."

Alfred Herrmann, hotel-keeper, of Eighth avenue, said: "Very clever scheme."

George Thorne, of 342 Broadway, said: "It was a stroke of enterprise."

Charles Voelger, of 949 Sixth avenue, said: "You have thought and high credit to get so many names together."

Gustav Gottlieb, who moved from 21 Eldridge street to 39 Forsyth street, said: "It is a good idea. I read the morning and EVENING WORLD because they are the best papers in the United States."

ALL THEIR POCKETS EMPTY.

The Sans Argent Club Celebrates the Return of Its Stranded President.

A number of young actors, with whom impunctuality is a proud boast, meet every night at a restaurant in West Twenty-seventh street and have formed themselves into a club called the "Sans Argent," which Gallie calls more better than its elegant translation, "hard up."

It is said that impunctuality, while not absolutely a sine qua non condition of membership in the "Sans Argent," is a necessary prerequisite. On Thursday night a grand "pow-wow" was held to celebrate the impunctual arrival in town of Charles Warren, the President of the club.

Mr. Warren went out with the "Civil Service" and came back with a "Sans Argent" Club. It left Mr. Warren stranded—lost in Kentucky—and he was obliged to telegraph to Charles S. Dickson, Vice-President of the club—vice, he likes to simply call himself—for funds.

Joseph Haworth is Chancellor of the Exchequer—when there is any—and Branch O'Brien, receiving Secretary and keeper of the Seals. Col. White is Mayor-Domo; Jesse Harper, Quartermaster, and Jeanette First Lady-in-Waiting. Percy Hunting, Nestor, and Charles S. Dickson, Vice-President of the club—vice, he likes to simply call himself—for funds.

Every evening something lively goes on among these disciples of impunctuality. The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader.

One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

SUEING FOR A QUEEN'S DOG.

PORTER RICHARDS WANTS DAMAGES FOR DUSKY KAPI'S LOST PUP.

It was a Royal Pup, of a Hungry Strain, and He was on His Way to Florida—Is the Messenger Company's Agent Responsible for His Loss? A Brain-Racking Problem for Justice Monell.

Lawrence Richards, a very dark specimen of the colored race, lives at 107 East Forty-fourth street. He is a porter on a New York Central Railway drawing-room car plying between this city and Syracuse.

He is a general favorite, and knows every public man and woman of this State "by heart." He is a most faithful servant of the corporation employing him also, and when Queen Kapiolani, the dusky consort of the Sandwich Island monarch, King Kalakaua, was accorded the courtesy of free use of William K. Vanderbilt's private car in her passage through the Empire State, Richards was detailed in charge of the car and the comfort of Her Majesty.

Richards was particularly attentive to the wants of Her Majesty, as her complexion and his matched nicely—her tan being only more delicate, as became her sex—and the Queen reciprocated the friendly feeling in no far as became a sovereign and a dutiful wife. And Richards accompanied her across the continent.

When, on her way to her own little kingdom in the South Seas, Mrs. Kalakaua stopped for a short look at San Francisco and the inside of the Golden Gate, she was lionized by the open-hearted Westerners, and one of them, a gentleman, presented to her a splendid pup of the St. Bernard breed. He had christened the pup Kapi, in her honor, and Kapi was a royal pup.

Kapi was nice, but he was only a pup, and he was distressingly awkward, and after keeping him in her private car for a few days she tired of him. Richards had shown a fondness for the animal, and he was anxious to sail for the antipodes she gave the animal to the faithful porter as a mark of appreciation for his attentive services.

Richards Kapi travelled in company with Richards, and he was last seen clear back to New York. That was last June. Along in November, when the brigands of Florida first began to make themselves annoying to the planters, orange growers and poultry raisers in the Land of Flowers, Richards's old father, who was keeping hens in Jacksonville, wrote to his dutiful son, complaining that the brigands were so searching in their investigations that even the hen-roosts were robbed.

He wanted a dog—a big, powerful, hungry dog.

Richards Kapi had known Kapi for six months and he knew him to the hilt. In the last requirement at least, he was arranged with a Mr. Colley, who was about to sail for Florida, to be the custodian of Kapi on his Southern tour.

On steamer day Richards entrusted Kapi to an American District messenger boy, Tommy Gannon, with instructions to take the dog to pier 49 North River, where he would find Mr. Colley in waiting to receive the animal.

The boy set out, leading the dog with a string. The dog weighed about as much as a whole cow-ward full of such fellows as Tommy Gannon and Richards mused on the power of mind over matter as the young man and the big dog passed out of view in the dim vista of Fifth avenue.

They passed out of his sight forever, for Kapi has not reached Mr. Colley yet. That is why the American District Telegraph Company appeared as defendant by Taggart & Cornell in the Seventh Judicial District Court yesterday, when the case of the value of the St. Bernard and its recovery was set for trial.

Expert testimony was adduced to show the value of the dog. The expert testimony was given by Mr. Richards, who testified that the dog was worth \$1,000, but if he was not a registered St. Bernard, \$100 would be a good market price for him. It is said, however, that Kapi is of noble lineage and high value.

Tommy Gannon says that the dog led him safely down to the pier and that he (Tommy) delivered him to a colored waiter on the steamer. The colored waiter, a burning question of law is whether the dog was delivered by Tommy, the agent of the American District Telegraph Company, under the contract implied with Mr. Lawrence Richards.

Justice Monell will rack his brains on the question until Monday, when he will render his decision.

AFTER PULLERS-IN AND SNAPPERS.

Clockwork Pictures to Attract the Passing Throng to Show-Windows.

Enterprising shopkeepers are always on the lookout for something to attract the attention of the passing throng. The day of the "puller-in" has passed, as has also the effect of the "window-snapper"—that little electric button which kept up such a constant tapping on the pane. The latest things out are known as "Life Pictures," and a very appropriate name it is.

These pictures are drawn time and again to some store window by seeing a crowd, and found that the attraction was a moving picture of a figure labelled, "A Good Look at the Clock." The figure is a man in a top hat, and is seen in a series of positions, as if he were a clockwork figure.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

The "Tribune" and "Herald" are read, and the "Lost Key" will suggest what they represent to the reader. One of the best of the cheaper designs is called "Midsummer Night's Dream" and is a laughing matter. The man rises in bed, looks around for the cause of the trouble, yawns, and then lies down again.

THE "Q" STRIKE DECLARED OFF.

Chairman of the Grievance Committee Notified to Report at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 2.—The "Q" strike is declared off, the result of a consultation between Arthur, Sargeant and Hoge. The men were notified to secure work wherever possible, and the headquarters of the engineers at the Grand Pacific were given up.

Chairman Hoge issued a call notifying the chairmen of the different local grievance committees to repair at once to Chicago, when the strike will be formally declared off.

It is thought that the surrender of the two Brotherhoods will be followed by that of the "Q" switchmen.

STRONG FOR CLEVELAND.

Connecticut Delegates Instructed to Vote for Him.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 2.—The convention for the election of twelve delegates to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis was held in Allen Hall to-day. Ex-Mayor William H. Shields, of Norwich, was chosen temporary Chairman of the convention. Permanent organization was perfected by the election of Col. Charles M. Joslyn, of Hartford, leader of the Young Democracy.

Mr. Joslyn, in his address to the convention as president, said that the convention was as pure as Thomas Jefferson and as courageous as Andrew Jackson.

The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, Mr. James Gallagher, of New Haven, was called on for a speech. Delegates to the National Convention were then named. For Delegate-at-Large from Connecticut, Mr. Joslyn was elected.

Other delegates-at-large were: James P. Piggott, of New Haven; Chas. N. Allen, of Putnam, and William H. Barnum, of Salisbury. County delegates: R. J. Vance, of Hartford; J. H. Allen, of Meriden; Wm. B. Davis, of Middletown; Stephen O. Bowen, of Windham; Henry A. Bishop, of Fairfield; Alexander C. Robinson, New London; Milo B. Richardson, of New Britain.

The resolution adopted indorses the administration of President Cleveland and instructs the delegates to vote for his re-nomination. The platform is strongly protection.

MISS VAN ETIEN'S POLICY.

She Consents to a Radical Change in the Factory Bill Petition.

At a recent meeting of the Workingwomen's Society, at 25 Lafayette place, Miss Ida L. Van Etten, who headed the committee sent by the society to Albany to present to the Senate the petition asking for an amendment of the Factory bill, reported that she had been led to consent to certain amendments to the petition, in the belief that by these changes the petition would be more acceptable to the Senate.

It now appears that the amendment to which Miss Van Etten consented calls for the abolition of the penalty incurred by factory owners, parents or guardians allowing children under age to labor in these establishments.

The disclosure of the nature of this amendment to which the envoy of the Workingwomen's Society so readily assented has created much indignation in labor circles and has given rise to a somewhat strong feeling against the society, which, however, should not be taken as a reflection on the unauthorized action of one member.

Mr. Gerry of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has been strongly in favor of this Factory bill, but he says that he now proposes to fight